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# PINKY *and* THE BRAIN



## MICE IN PINK

COMING SOON TO TAKE OVER  
YOUR WORLD

DIRECT SALES



02011>



WB470

WALTER CARLSON & MIKE DEARSON

# MICE IN PINK

S.E.T.T.I.E. (SUBJUGATE THE EARTH BY TRYING TO TALK TO INTELLIGENT EXTRATERRESTRIALS) RADAR TRACKING STATION; AGNE LABS, CALIFORNIA.



Writer: Jesse McCann Pencilers: Walter Carzon Inker: Mike DeCarlo Letterer: John Costanza Color: Prismacolor

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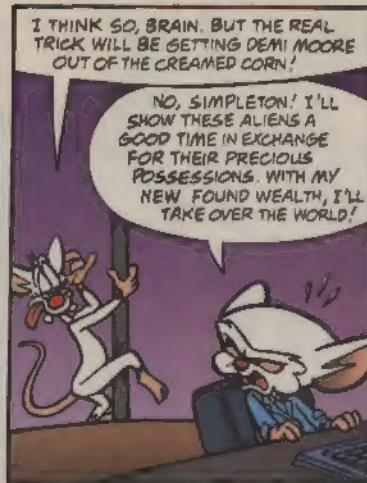
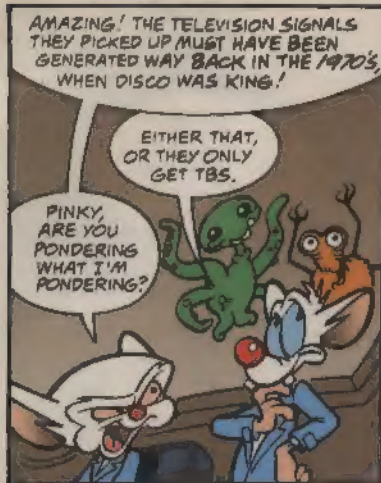
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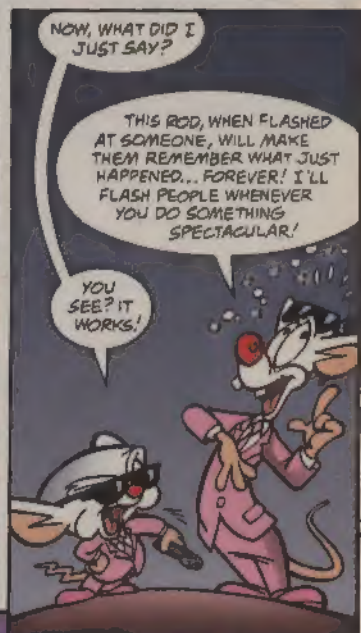
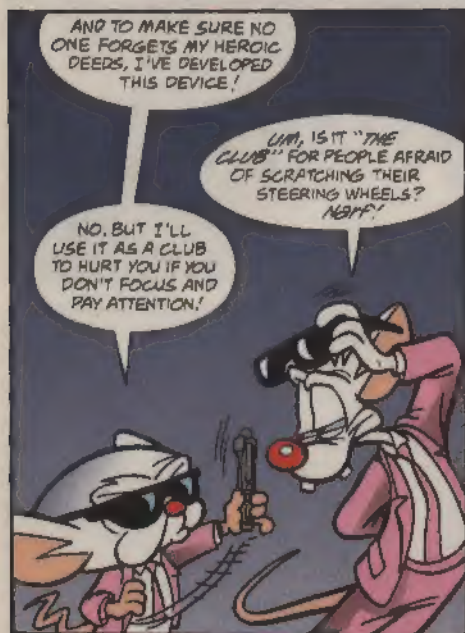












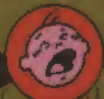








Writer Jesse McCann begged to be put in this scene.



Most of the aliens had been rounded up and sent home by this point, so they used a Warner Bros. employee to act the part in this shot.



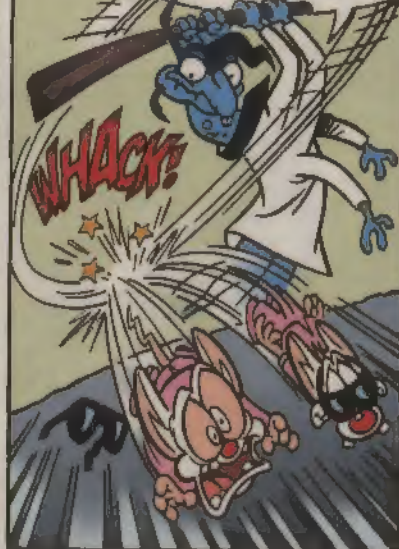
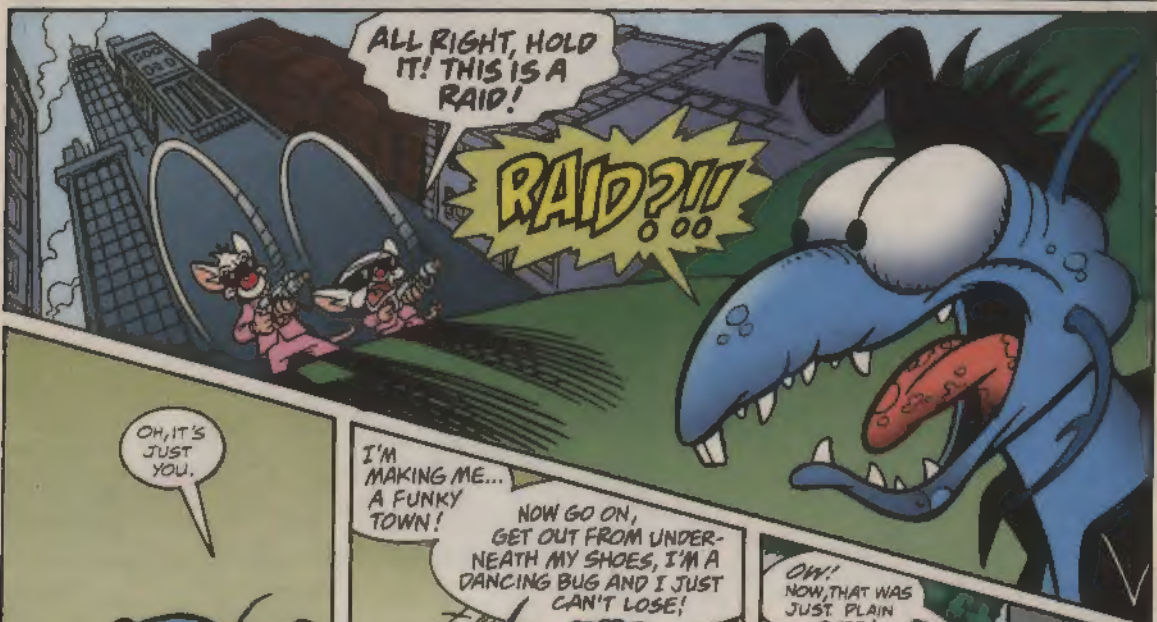
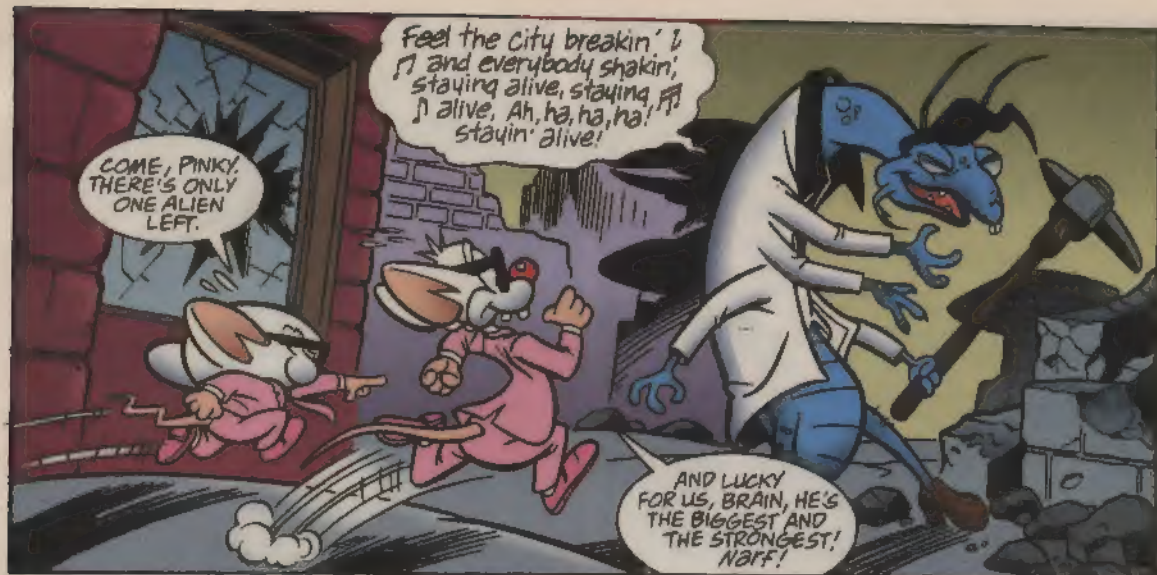
The director is telling Brain the video is going way over budget and they're out of time.



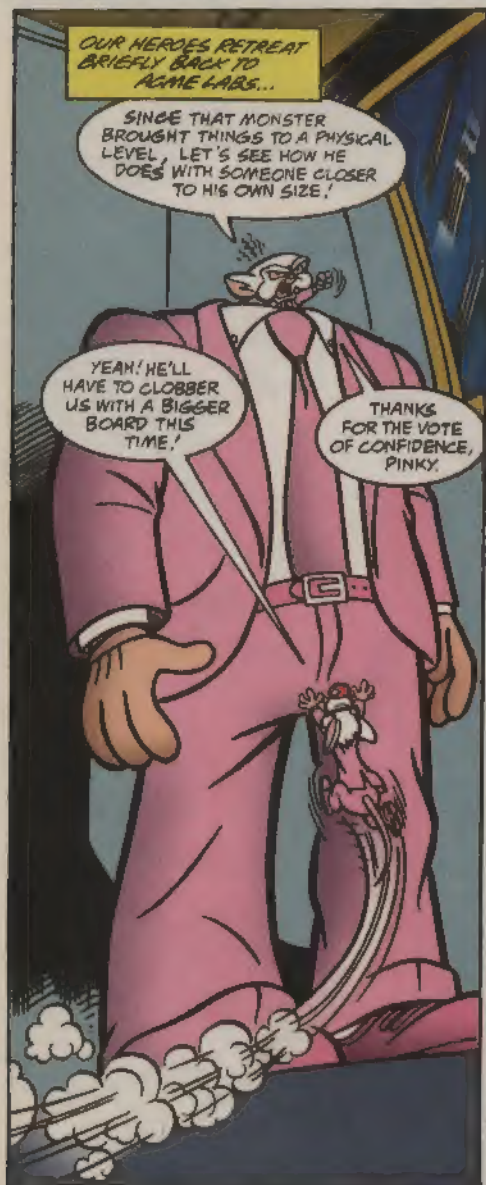
Pinky would have rapped all night if Brain hadn't hit him over the head with a hammer he borrowed from one of the workmen.



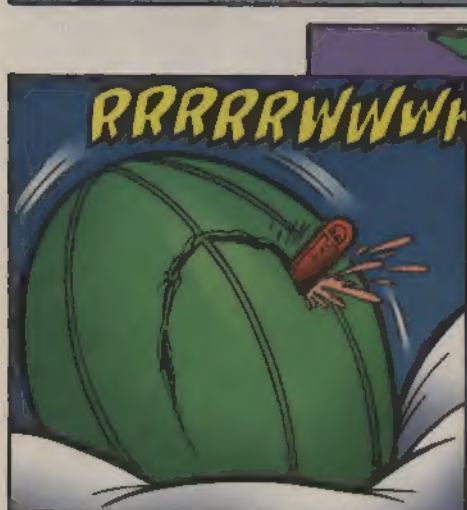
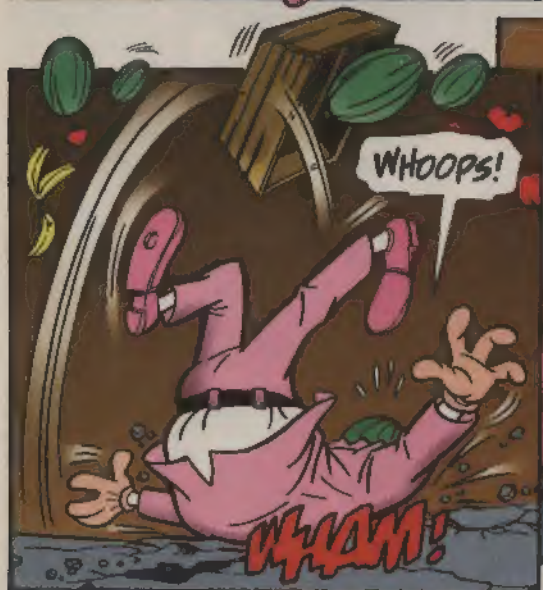
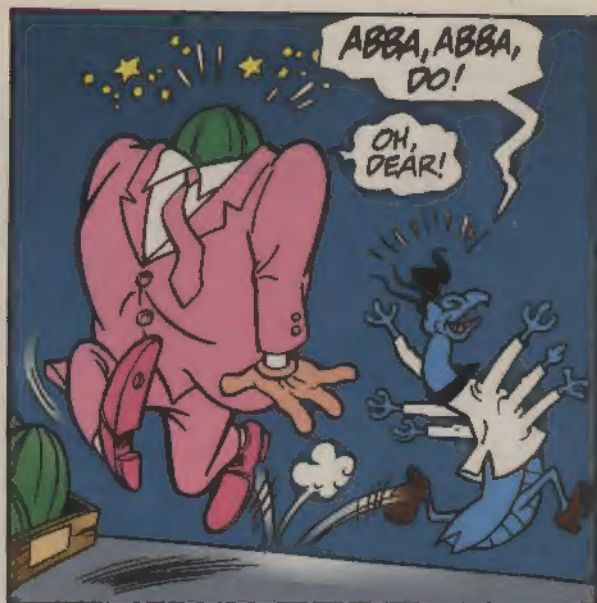




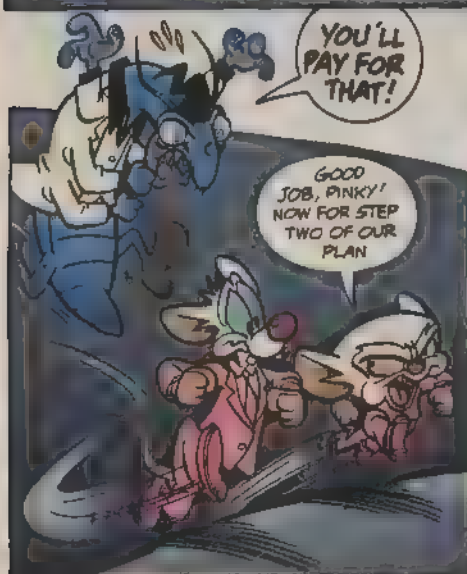
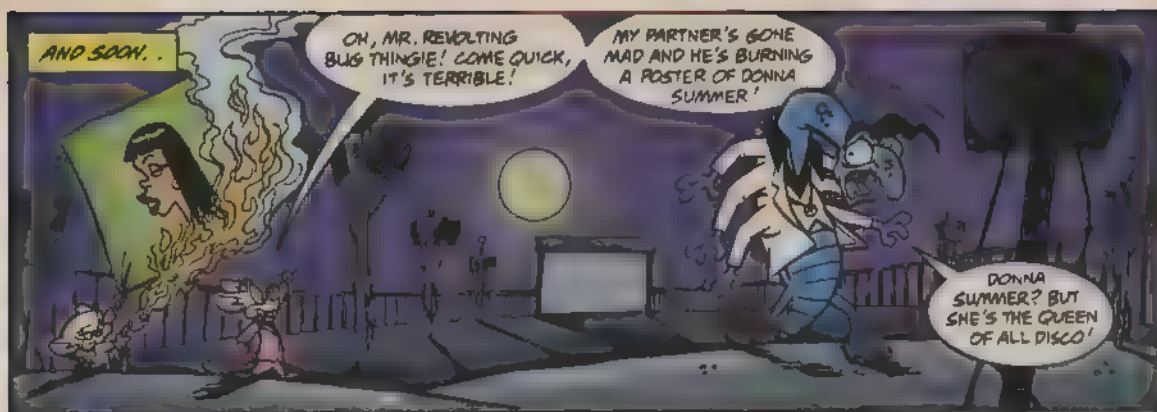




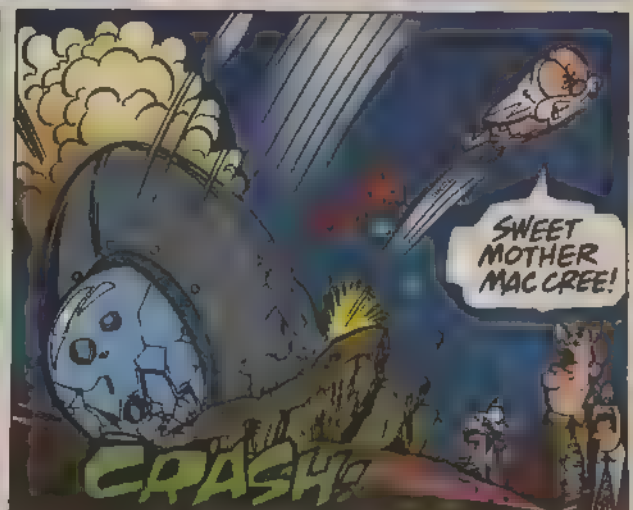
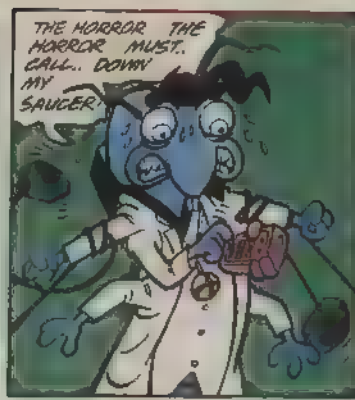




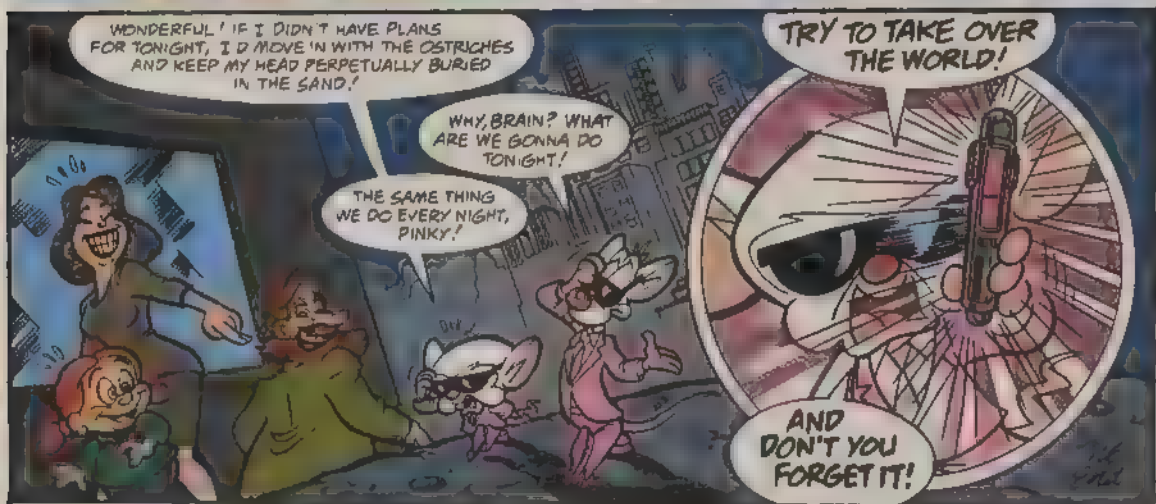
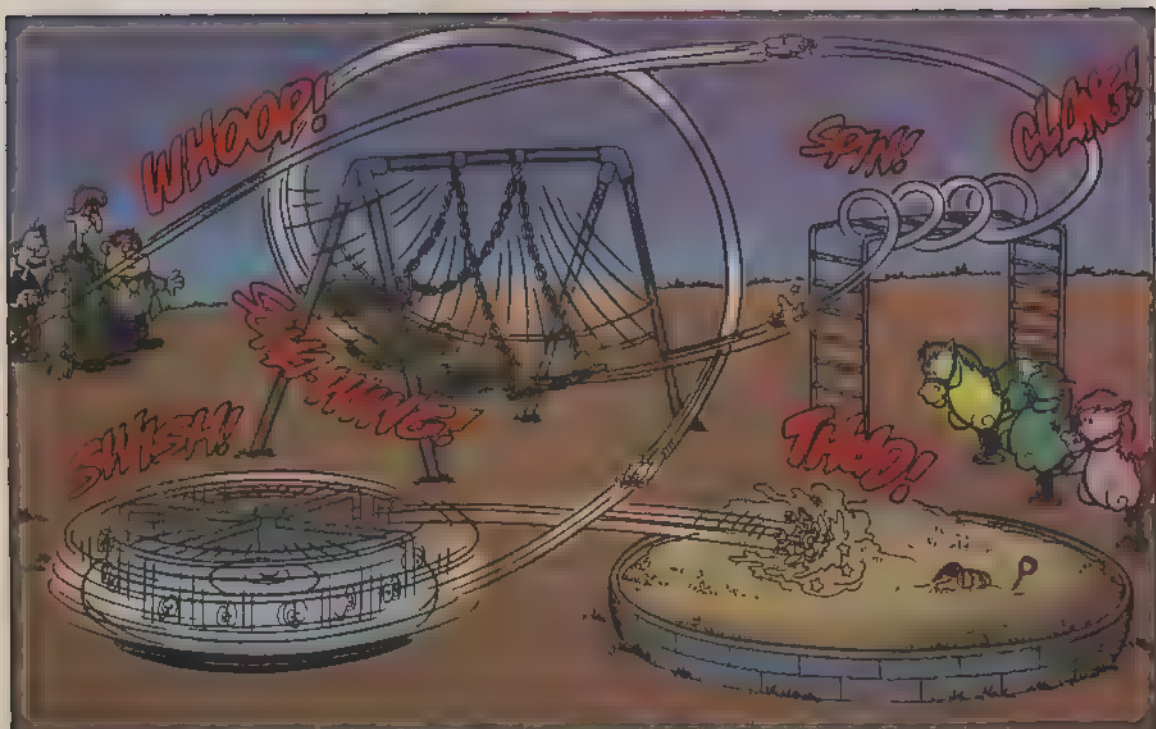














# BRAINBERRY R.F.D.

HALFWAY BETWEEN THE STICKS AND THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE IS RURAL JUNEBUG, NORTH CAROLINA--

-A TOWN SO SMALL IT HAS A THREE-DIGIT ZIP CODE

AN' TO THIS VERY DAY, NARY A SOUL KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO TH' HUNNERT PEOPLE OF THE LAST COLONY

WRITTEN BY: MICHAEL EUREY  
PENCILLED BY: WALTER CO  
INKED BY: MIKE DECARLO  
EDITED BY: JOHN COSTANZA  
COLORED BY: PRISMACOLOR

CLASS PETS

REMARKABLE!

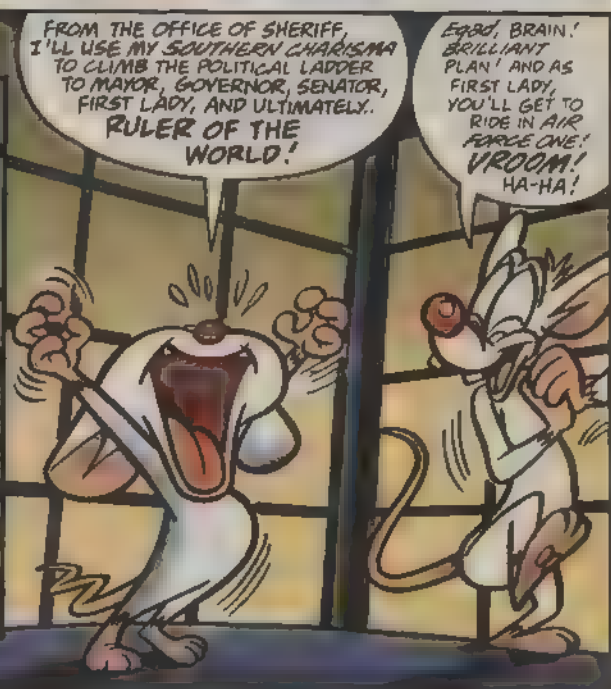
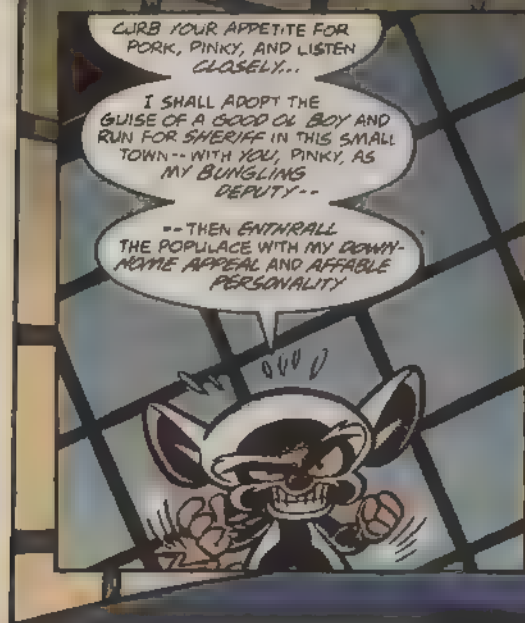
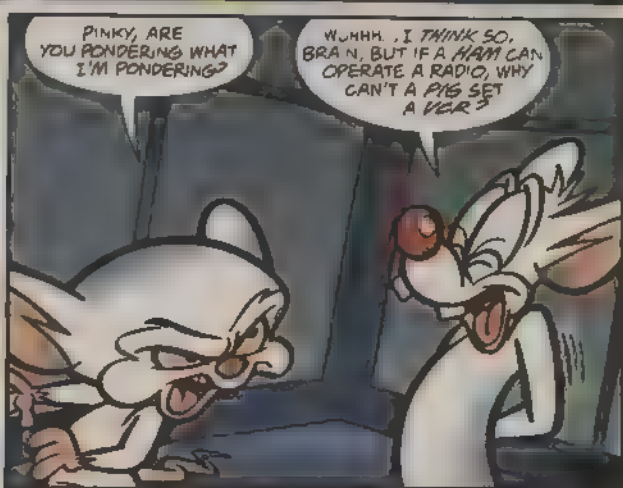
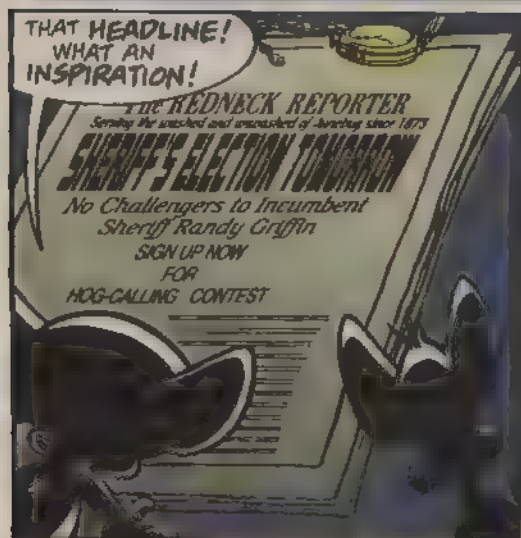
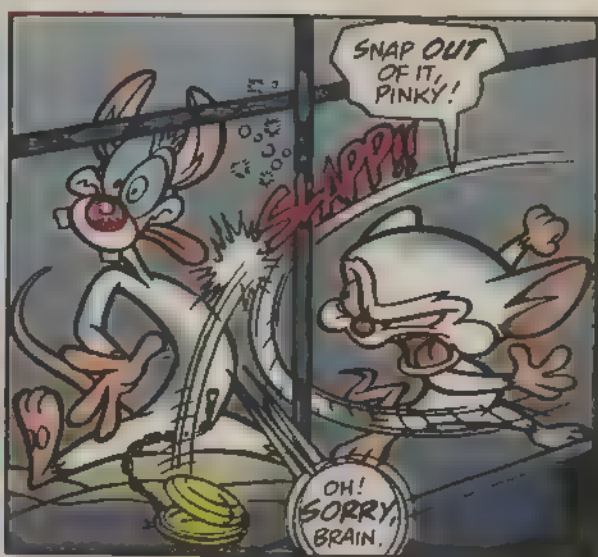
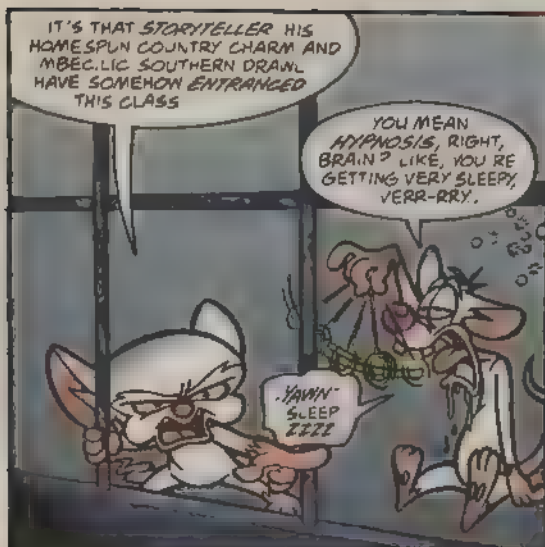
MAYBE THEY WENT OUT FOR BARBECUE.

THANKSTH, BRAIN. MY TONGUE DOZN MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE EVEN NG-WEAR ATTETHORY-

--ALTHOUGH IT MAKESTH THSPEAKING DIFFICULT NARF!

RETRACT YOUR TASTE BUDS, PINKY. IT'S NOT YOU I FIND MYSELF IN AWE OF.



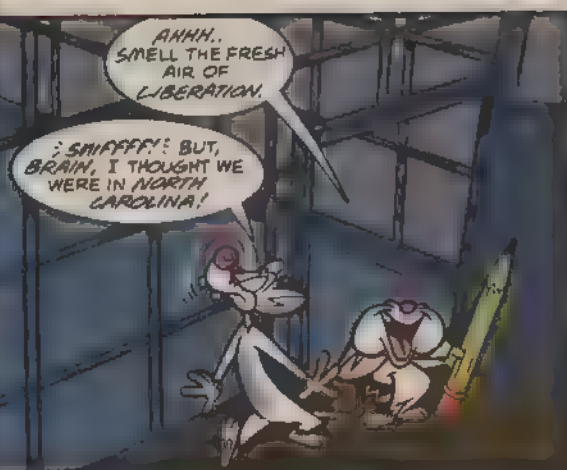






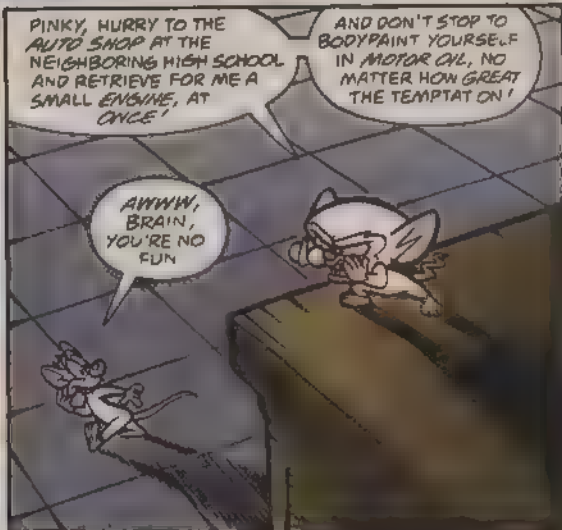
YOU'VE VALIANTLY SACRIFICED YOURSELF TO THE CAUSE OF FIRST AND EDUCATION, MY MANNEQUIN FRIEND

BUT ONCE PINKY RETURNS WITH THAT MOTOR, I'LL EMPLOY IT TO GIVE YOU MOBILITY, AND YOU, IN TURN--



AMHH.. SMELL THE FRESH AIR OF LIBERATION.

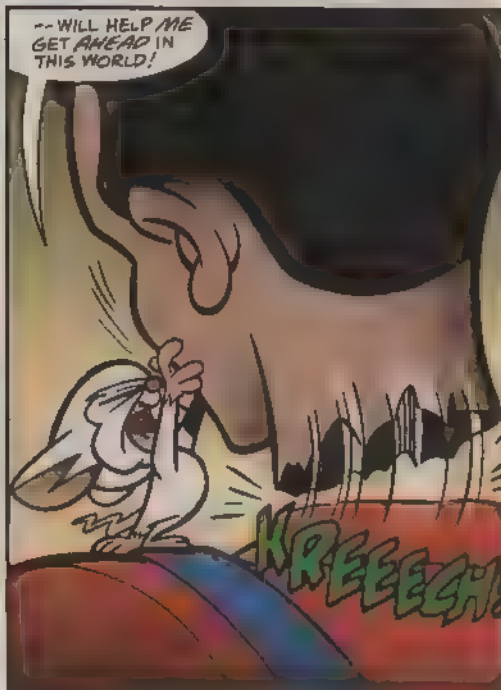
: SHIFFFF! BUT, BRAIN, I THOUGHT WE WERE IN NORTH CAROLINA!



PINKY, HURRY TO THE AUTO SHOP AT THE NEIGHBORING HIGH SCHOOL AND RETRIEVE FOR ME A SMALL ENGINE, AT ONCE!

AND DON'T STOP TO BODYPAINT YOURSELF IN MOTOR OIL, NO MATTER HOW GREAT THE TEMPTATION!

AWWW, BRAIN, YOU'RE NO FUN



-- WILL HELP ME GET AHEAD IN THIS WORLD!

KREEECH!



THE NEXT MORNING...

SINCE NOBODY'S FILED  
AG'INST SHERIFF RANDY GRIFFIN,  
AS MAYOR IT'S MAH DUTY TO  
REAPPOINT HIM. N' DEPUTY  
BERNIE KNOTHEAD TO THEY'S  
OFFICES

JEST A  
DAD-GUM MINUTE,  
Y'ALL!



AH'M BILLY BOB JOE DON  
BRAIN, A TRUE SON  
OF TH' SOUTH.

ME AN' MAH GOOD  
BUDDY PINKY HAVE  
TA THROW OUR HATS  
INTO TH' RING

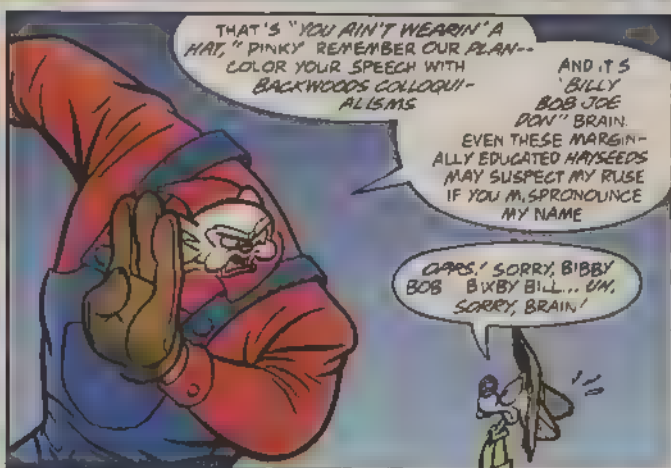
BUT YOU  
AREN'T WEARING  
A HAT, BILLY  
JACK JOE BOB  
BRAIN.



THAT'S "YOU AIN'T WEARIN' A  
HAT," PINKY REMEMBER OUR PLAN--  
COLOR YOUR SPEECH WITH  
BACKWOODS COLLOQUI-  
ALISMS

AND IT'S  
'BILLY  
BOB JOE  
DON' BRAIN.  
EVEN THESE MARGIN-  
ALLY EDUCATED HAYSEEDS  
MAY SUSPECT MY RUSE  
IF YOU M,SPRONOUNCE  
MY NAME

OOPS! SORRY, BIBBY  
BOB BUXBY BILL... UM,  
SORRY, BRAIN!



NOBODY'S EVER  
DECLARED AG'INST  
RANDY 'N' ME  
BEFORE!

AH AIN'T SURE WHUT  
TA DO IN A CASE LIKE THIS  
WE DI'N'T PRNT UP NO  
ELECTION BALLOTS

MAYOR,  
HERE'S AN  
IDEE

